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A True and Real

ACCOUNT

Of the

DEFEAT

of GENERAL

BUCHAN,

And BRIGADEER

CANNON,

Their High-land Army, at the Battel of *Crombdell*; upon the 1st of *May*; 1690.

Conform to a Letter, sent by Sir *Thomas Livingston* Collonel of a Regiment of Dragoons to Major General *Mackay*, giving a particular Account of the said Defeat; with a List of the Officers taken at the said Battel, and at the Castle of *Lethen-Dee*.

Licensed May 8th, 1690.

Edinburgh; Printed by the Heir of *Andrew Anderson*, Anno Dom. 1690.

A true Account of the Battel at Crombdell, May 1. 1690. conform to this Letter, is, as followeth.

Honoured Sir,

AS I have in ſeveral Letters before, given you nothing but ill News, ſo I am glad I have now the occaſion of ſending you ſomewhat better: The General *Buchan*, and Brigadeer *Cannon*, with his Highland Army, having for a while marched up and down this Countrey, increaſed as a Snow-Ball dayly, which affrighted and diſcouraged the Countrey ſo far, that upon *Sunday* laſt, I reſolved to march out of *Inverneſs*, with a Detatchment of four hundred men of Sir *James Leſlies*, ſix Companies of *Grants*, the Highland Company of Captain *Mackay*, three Troops of my Dragoons, and my Lord *Yeſter's* Troop of Horſe, and Camped that Night near *Brodie*, where I was forced to ſtay two dayes, for my Baggage Horſes coming in very ſlow from the Countrey, as likewiſe for the three other Troops of Dragoons from *Elgin*, and Captain *Barnets* of Horſe: The Enemy was at this time at *Strathſpey*, threatning to Slay and Burn all that would not joyn, whereupon I reſolved the thirtieth of *April*, about twelve a Clock in the Day, having then got certain Intelligence where they Camped, and what number they were, to march towards them, we marched the whole Night in as bad Ground as *Lochaber* may be, till at laſt, by two a Clock in the morning we got to *Ball-Chaſtle*, where being arrived, we diſcovered by the Enemies Fires their Camp, I informed my ſelf of the Nature of the Ground, and the depth of the River, and notwithſtanding they told me, the Ground was ſomewhat Boggiſh, I formed a Deſign to Attacque them by ſurprize, for they did not know of my being arrived, but my Men and Horſe being ſo extreamly wearied, I gave them about half an hour to refreſh themſelves, after which time, I called the Officers together, and told them my reſolution, ſo that they might Examine their Soldiers, if they were able to do it, who unanimouſly told me, they would ſtand by me to the laſt man, and deſired earneſtly to go on; I having got Guides by this time in readineſs, we paſſed the River by three a Clock in the morning, at one Foord, where there was a Church, the Enemy keeped a ſtrong Guard, where I ſent ſome Foot, and a few Dragoons, to Fire upon them, and Amuſe them, and in the mean time paſt the River at another Foord, below it, two Troops of Dragoons, and Captain *Mackay's* Highland Company was already paſſed before the Enemy perceived us, and then we ſee them run in Parties up and down, not knowing which way to turn themſelves, being ſurprized, ſo I commanded all the Horſe and Dragoons to Joyn, and purſued them, which affrighted them, ſo that they took themſelves to the Hills; and at the foot of *Crombdel* we overtook them, attacked them, killing betwixt three and four hundred upon the place, and took about 100 Priſoners, the greater part of them Officers, the reſt got off by a Miſt, that came juſt at that time upon the top of the Hill, ſo that we could ſcarcely ſee one another, otherwayes the Slaughter would have been greater, for I cauſed ſound a Retreat, our Horſes being ready to fall down, and drew up upon the low Ground, Priſoners being brought to me from all hands: *Buchan*, when they took the alarm firſt, ſent a Nephew of his, with ſome more Officers and Soldiers, in an old Caſtle, who at firſt ſeemed to be Opinionate, I cauſed to ſurround them, and finding the Ground proper to undermind them, which they finding, ſurrendred themſelves to the King's mercy: *Buchan* got off, without Hatt, Coat, or Sword, and was ſeen that day, and in that poſture, in *Glenlivet*, very much Fatigued, carryed in a Couſins Houſe of his; *Cannon* got away in his Night-Gown, *Dumfermling* had gone from them about ſome buſineſs the day before.

We have taken all their Baggage and Ammunition, and the Soldiers have got more conſiderable Plunder, as I thought, they carryed about with them. Their King and Queens Standard, where they cited the Countrey people to

repair

repair to, are taken; there are ſaid to be people of note, that are killed, but of this, I can give you no certain accompt, being that when we came to viſit them, they were all naked, by what we could judge, there was ſome appearance of it.

The reſolution and forwardneſs of all the *Troops* is admirable; and although the Foot could not get up to us, they marched after us with as great diligence as poſſible.

It is remarkable, that in this whole buſineſs there is not one man loſt, three or four wounded, but not dangerouſly either, and about a dozen of *Horſes*, but many *Horſes* diſabled. *This* night we have had one of the ſevereſt that could be; I deſign to purſue this, and ſee if I can diſperſe what is of them yet together, which will be but a ſmall number, being that they ran to all Arts; but the Weather is ſo horrible, that I fear I ſhall be obliged to give it over.

I pray God this beginning of this Years Campaign may Prognoſticat a bleſſing upon *Their* Majeſties Forces, ſo that an end may be made of this troubleſome War this Summer.

I deſire, Sir, you would ſend me immediatly Orders what to do with the Priſoners, for at *Inverneſs* they cannot poſſibly be kept. Expecting your *Honours* Orders, what you think fit ſhall be done further, I am extreamly troubled to make the *Horſe* ſubſiſt, and remain, *Honoured* Sir, Yours, *&c.*

T. Livingſtone.

The Letter is directed thus, For the Honourable Major-General-*Mackay*, Commander in Chief of Their Majeſties Forces in *Scotland*.

POSTSCRIPT.

Captain *Mackay* and his *High*-land Company behaved very well: If, as Major *Mackay* ſayes, that we can have more of them, it would not be amiſs.

After the buſineſs was over, we drank your *Health* in good Claret taken from the Rebels. *The* Narration is ſomewhat long, and lame, but it is the true and real Accompt of all. *Here* incloſed is a Liſt of ſome of the Priſoners names, and ſome Papers that are taken. The Officers that are taken declare the *High*-land Army was betwixt fourteen and fifteen hundred.

A Liſt of Officers taken at the Battel of *Crombdell*, on the Firſt of *May*, 1690.

Capt. *Huchings.*
Capt. *John* M*c*lean.
Capt. *Allan* M*c*lean.
Capt. *John Colloe.*
Leiutenant *John* M*c*lean.
Leiutenant *Alex. Halliburton.*
Coronet *Andrew Baird.*
Enſign *John* M*c*lean.
Enſign *John* M*c*naughton.
Charles Cornwell Volunteer.

Officers taken in the Caſtle of *Lethen-dee.*

Capt. *James Buchan.*
Capt. *Brown.*
Leiutenant *Scratcher.*
Leiutenant *Middleton.*
Leiutenant *Brawdie.*
Leiutenant *Sewell.*
Leiutenant *Auchinmootie.*
Leiutenant *Drummer.*
Enſign *Dunbar.*
Enſign *Roſs.*

Many more Gentlemen are taken, who will not owne themſelves Officers.

FINIS.